

AUGUSTA HISTORICAL BULLETIN



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Annual (individual)	\$7.00
Annual (family)	\$10.00
Annual (sustaining)	\$25.00
Life Membership	\$125.00
Annual (Institutional)	\$10.00
Contributing—Any amount	



"WARWICKTON," home of Judge James Woods Warwick, Bath County, Virginia.

HIDDEN VALLEY HISTORY

Gerard E. Jacques*

Early American settlers in Bath County were of Scotch-Irish origin, coming from the province of Ulster in Northern Ireland.

It is doubtful that there were any settlers in Bath County on the Jackson River earlier than 1744. In that year Robert Hall built the first cabin home on land that is now part of Hidden Valley. He was accompanied by his wife Isabella, who gave birth to a son Robert, the first white child born in Bath County.

The first settlements were made on the most desirable river bottom lands. The fertile tracts along the Jackson River were parcelled out by the county surveyors beginning about 1746. The largest tract was for William Jackson, for whom the Jackson River was named.

Although no Indians were living in Bath when the white settlers appeared, hunting parties visited the valleys in the fall

*This talk was presented by Mr. Jacques at the Fall 1974 meeting of the Society.

months. Because they were mistreated by the whites, the Indians often inflicted cruel warfare upon the settlers. As protection against the Indians' attacks numerous forts were built in this frontier section of Virginia. The nearest fort to what is now Hidden Valley was Fort Dinwiddie on the Jackson River, about 2 miles downstream. This fort was visited by General Washington in his Southern tour of inspection in 1755. It is highly probable that his course of travel followed a trail along the Jackson River through what is now the main farm on Hidden Valley.

The Fort Dinwiddie Farm just downstream from Hidden Valley was owned for a while by an early Bath settler, Jacob Warwick, (1747-1826) who served as a private in the expedition to Point Pleasant, West Virginia in 1774.

This campaign which resulted in the defeat of Cornstalk and his Indians was the opening shot of the American Revolution. Jacob Warwick, returning to Point Pleasant with a party of Hunters, was mistaken for reinforcement expected from Fincastle. It was this mistake which was later credited with the victory at Point Pleasant.

Unlike other parts of Virginia, Bath County — including Hidden Valley — has little military history connected with either the Revolutionary or Civil wars. There were no battles fought in Bath during the American Revolution. Yet, her men were active in the armies elsewhere. Although Bath did not lie in the fighting area during the Civil War there were skirmishes in the Millboro and Williamsville Districts: And the hotels in the Warm Springs Valley were used as Confederate hospitals.

In 1788 Jacob Warwick purchased 1000 acres, part of the original William Jackson parcel, now included as part of the Hidden Valley Farm. The property was passed down to his son, then to his grandson, James Woods Warwick, who was later known locally as Judge Warwick. He served a term as Judge for courts of Bath and Highland counties. He received the appointment from the Virginia Legislature. Some historians say he was elected, others say he was appointed. He had never been a lawyer by profession, but such was his clear perceptions and common sense of the right thing to be done that he met the duties of his station with marked ability, and very acceptably to the people generally.

The large red brick house still standing to the west bank of the Jackson River was built about 1858 by Judge Warwick. Slaves who lived in a small house near the present spring made

the brick and helped build the mansion. For many years the estate was known as "Warwickton."

On February 4, 1897 after a 7-month illness Judge Warwick at the age of 83 passed away at his home at "Warwickton." Not quite 2 years later on Christmas Eve 1898, his wife, age 75, joined him in death. Both he and his wife and a son Charles William Warwick are buried on a hill behind the home place.

After Mrs. Warwick's death the property was sold to the Jackson River Hunt Club, then subsequently sold to other interests before it was bought from Charles MacDonald Grace by the Forest Service on November 5, 1965. The Hidden Valley tract was one of the first large tracts purchased under the new legislation called the Land and Water Conservation Act.

About 1940, Charles W. Parr, an owner in the chain of title, appropriated the name Hidden Valley. This name, colorful and descriptive, is the locally accepted name today.

On December 31, 1969, Hidden Valley was accepted for inclusion on the Virginia Landmarks Register and nominated for the National Register of Historic Places. In early 1970, Warwickton was officially accepted to the National Register. It now has a common name of Hidden Valley, but its historic name is recognized as Warwickton. Here is an excerpt from the nomination form.

Warwickton is an interesting example of the basic five-bay Georgian block adapted to the needs of a Victorian-Greek Revival house builder in 1858. Other than the hybrid portico, the most unusual feature is the use of Asher Benjamin's stylebook in designing the entrance way, certainly an extremely rare source for architectural design in Virginia. In addition to its unique details it is amazing that Warwickton dates from as early as it does, especially considering its remote site and grand proportions. The provincial handling of the portico combined with the inherently bold patterns of Benjamin blend well with the healthy feel of the Allegheny tablelands whose stark hills surround it.

Now that you have heard some of the past history of Hidden Valley, let's consider the present and planned future. For this we have prepared a short slide tape presentation. The slide tape covers many possible ideas for Hidden Valley. Many are offered, not all would be chosen.

Now that you have seen the tape, you undoubtedly have questions. First though, let me answer a few before they are asked:

Through Operation Mainstream, now operated by VEC, the Warwick house has been protected by installation of a new roof and general outside repair. A new addition, early 1900 has been removed and the original building restored.

There are no other present developments at Hidden Valley. Agricultural use, hay cutting, is permitted as a means of maintaining fertility and maintenance.

Costs for this development were originally projected at 3.5 million dollars. These are 1970 prices.

Funds are presently not available for the project. However, when and if financing materializes, this project has first Forest Priority for new development areas.

Now — Questions???

Summary of Major Development Points discussed in the Hidden Valley Slide Tape:

1. Warwickton would be restored, in part, to its original state as an operating farm of its era.

— The Warwick house would be restored and used as a visitor center—Hopefully some of the rooms could be restored as they originally were.

— Part of the meadows would be cultivated as they were in 1800's.

— Outbuildings surrounding the Warwick Mansion would be reconstructed.

2. Modern Day developments would be restricted to the east side of the tract.

— A campground of approximately 150 units is planned.

— A swimming lake complete with beach and picnic facilities would be constructed.

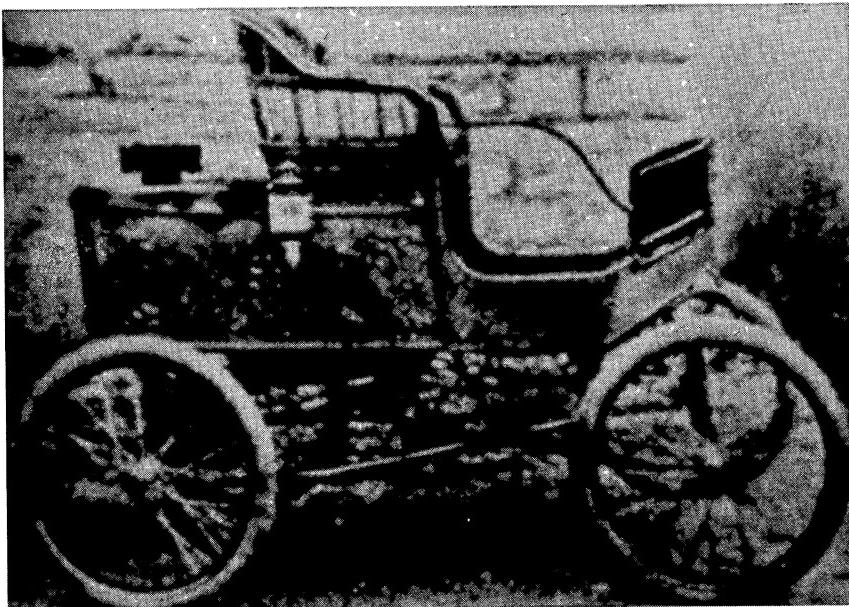
— A concession operated lodge and cabins would be built overlooking the valley.

— The new era barns would be used, one for a recreation center, the other to house livestock.

3. Traditional National Forest Uses, such as hunting, fishing, hiking, etc. would still be allowed where they do not conflict with other uses.

MEMORIES OF AUTO INDUSTRY IN BASIC CITY

By Lee Bowman, N-V Staff Writer*



THE ONE AND ONLY Dawson Steam Auto-Mobile ever made was manufactured in Basic City (now part of Waynesboro). The 1901 prototype featured a wagon-bench seat for three and tiller steering. Several News-Virginian readers provided information leading to the identification of what was probably one of the first automobiles to operate on the streets of Waynesboro.

(N-V Archives)

Waynesborians seem to have long memories, especially when old cars and local industries are concerned.

Last week a photograph of a vintage automobile was published in The News-Virginian's Car Care tabloid and information on the unidentified vehicle and its occupants was solicited from readers.

Several precise accounts with many details pertaining to the car, its origin, and its owners were reported to The News-

*Reprinted with permission of the Waynesboro News-Virginian from November 23, 1974 issue.

Virginian, making it possible to piece together the story of the car and the men involved with it.

Those calling The News-Virginian with information concerning the car include J. O. Diffee of 228 Florence Ave., Jay Brown and his father, John Brown both of Stuarts Draft, Eugene Kirby of Route 3, Waynesboro and Miss M. V. Griffith of 556 N. Delphine Ave.

In 1900, a man named George Dawson set up a shop in a corner of the Basic City Car Works, which was then in operation as a manufacturer of railroad cars. (Basic City is now a part of Waynesboro.) Mr. Dawson built his model car and then tried to interest buyers in it, but was unable to find a market at that early date.

His first and only Dawson Steam Auto-Mobile came out of the shop in 1901 and served as a demonstration model while he tried to get financial backing to start large-scale production.

In an advertising bulletin, Mr. Dawson called the plant of the car works "a general machine business which also manufactures autos."

According to a book on steam cars, the Dawson had a two-cylinder engine located under the seat. The 2 3/4" x 4" engine was made from brass casting.

The seamless sheet steel boiler contained 480 copper tubes and was tested to 1,000 pounds per square inch of cold water. Working steam for the car reached the engine at 220 psi.

Tanks in the rear of the car held 25 gallons of water and eight gallons of gasoline. The entire auto weighed 1,100 pounds. Mr. Dawson said of his steam-car "on fair roads the Dawson can keep up a steady speed of 25-30 miles per hour."

He added "a brass burner of new design produces a blue flame to make the steam." An exterior gauge on the side of the car monitored the steam pressure.

Passengers, if they were not exceedingly large, could sit "three abreast" on the wagon-type seat of the car. Steering was done by a tiller.

"The price of this machine is available on request," wrote Mr. Dawson in his advertising, but as far as anyone can tell, no one outside of Waynesboro ever requested the price, or if they did, they were soured by the non-assembly line price of the vehicle.

The Dawson Manufacturing Co. of Basic City, Virginia, evidently planned to expand out of its corner in the car works fam-

ily. Said Mr. Dawson in his bulletin "the plant is located in a large foundry on an excellent five acre tract."

When Mr. Dawson's efforts to raise production funds failed, he sold the car to some local men at a still unknown price. Possibly the owners of the car were the two men seated in the vehicle, tentatively identified as Luther Gaw, a mechanic and John Clarke, a local barber.

The story goes that the new owners drove the car for a few years, mostly as a novelty, and then the Dawson Steam Automobile faded into oblivion.

The car-works factory became only a railroad car repair shop in later years and then became the plant of the Berol Pen Co. until the late 1950s. The old building was torn down only a few years ago and the site, on the corner of Bath Ave. and Third St., is presently occupied by the Blue Ridge Grocery Co. of Waynesboro.

BRICK BARNS OF AUGUSTA COUNTY



BRICK-VENEERED barn at Folly, home of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph S. Cochran, Jr. The barn was built in 1920 by Joseph S. Cochran, Sr.

Photo by David L. Bushman



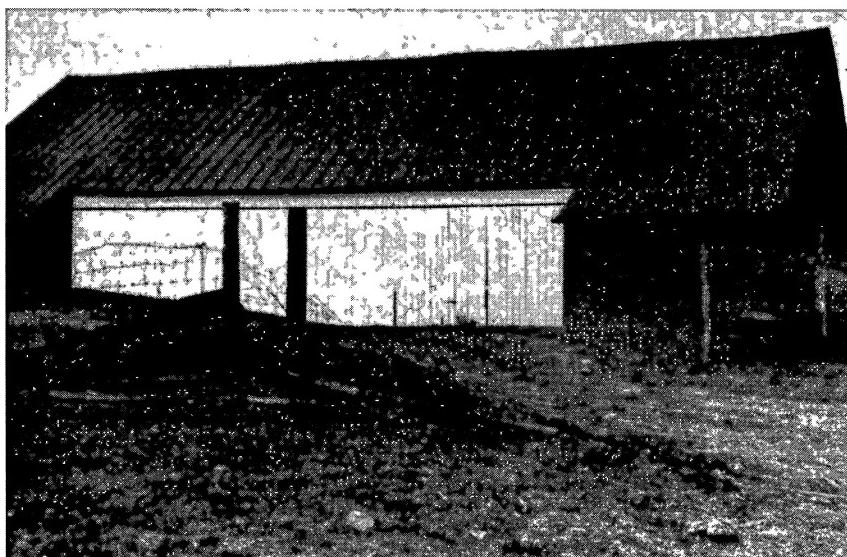
THE BRICKS came from the original carriage house located just in front of the barn. Folly was constructed in 1818.

Photo by David L. Bushman



HAND-HEWN rafters from the original carriage house which were used in the barn.

Photo by David L. Bushman



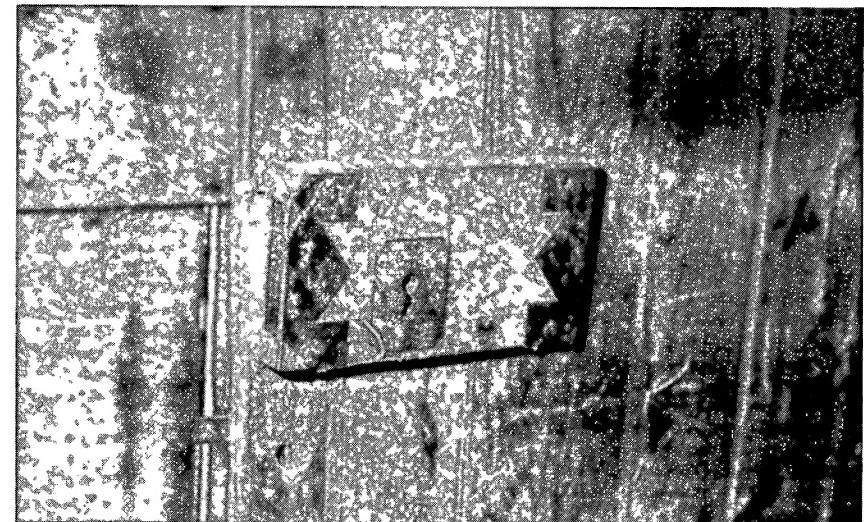
THE "PENNSYLVANIA" barn at Heritage Hill Farm, home of Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Nelson Cline. 50 x 100 feet, it is of oak framework and large wooden pegs.

Photo by William H. Bushman



BUILT CIRCA 1814-1815 by George Mish of York County, Pennsylvania after purchasing the land from Windle Grove.

Photo by William H. Bushman

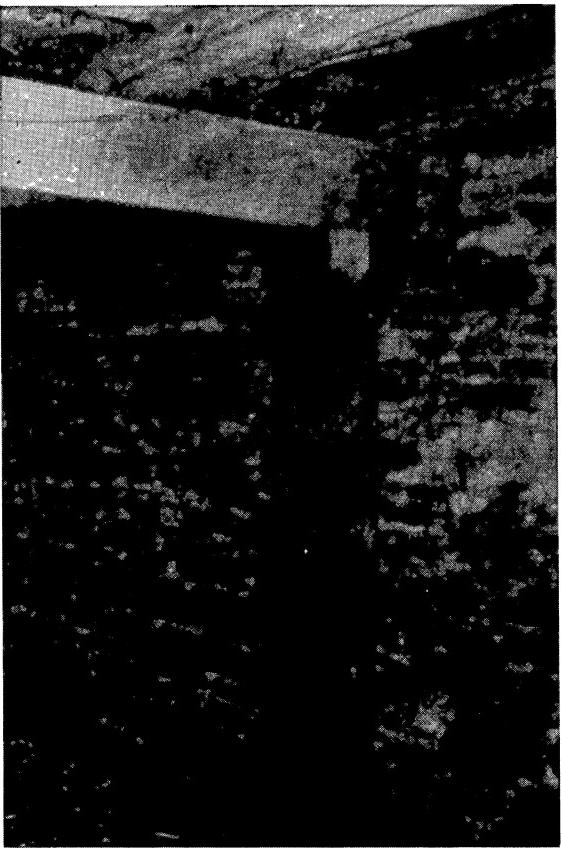


HAND-FORGED LOCK on door of one of the two granaries. The barn also contains beaded old pine panelling.

Photo by William H. Bushman

NORTH AUGUSTA STREET AS IT WAS

By William E. Eisenberg*



THE FOUNDATION is of stone. The floor joists still have the bark of the trees on them.

Photo by William H. Bushman

The three-story brick residence on the east side of North Augusta Street numbered 931 has been our family residence since 1893. Four of my five sisters were born there, and the three who remain still reside there. I was born there January 3, 1903, and from this house in September 1910 I started to public school on West Beverley Street, opposite Trinity Episcopal Church, and from it I went each day for eleven years until I graduated in the Class of 1921 from Lee High School on Baldwin Street.

What I undertake in the following piece is to set down many boyhood observations and recollections of Staunton's North Augusta Street neighborhood, also known in former years as Gallowtown, during the first two decades of the 20th century.

Our original house of nine rooms, three to a floor, was built by Robert Meeley, a black man, after he had obtained the lot on which it stands in 1860 from William L. Balthis and wife. My father purchased the property in 1892 from Meeley's widow, Lavinia, through Harry Catt, her trustee. The Balthises had bought the lot from Robert G. Bickle and wife in 1857, while the Bickles had obtained possession of it from the Merrill Cushing Estate. Designated as Lot No. 2 of the Cushing Outlots, it was adjacent to Rose Alley. The present property extends eastward to Baptist Alley, though the eastern half of it used as a vegetable garden was not a part of the original purchase. It was acquired in 1896.

As the family grew so did the house. The ground floor soon had to be given over to laundry, storage and furnace requirements. Around the turn of the century a frame addition to the rear was added, as well as a hot air heating system. Father bought a discarded furnace from the old Augusta County Court House and had it installed. It was a monster. Elbert Swartz, jack-of-all-trades known to many as Doc Swats, whose shop stood on Pump Street until it was displaced by the Gypsy Smith Tabernacle, had the job of cleaning it annually. Elbert, I grant you, was a man of diminutive size; nevertheless he was able to stand erect inside our voracious coal consuming behemoth. During

*Author of *The Lutheran Church in Virginia, 1717-1962* (1967).

firing season it was my job to keep the coal bin filled each day with eight heaping scuttles from the shed in the yard.

Another addition to the house, let me interject here, was put up in 1926 out of bricks from the former Baldwin Street school building.

North Augusta Street as the southern extremity of the Valley Turnpike was the principal thoroughfare leading in and out of Staunton's northside. Beyond the Hamer home, which was immediately south of our place, was the Middlekauff home, which in earlier years when Staunton was smaller had been a tollgate house. There was no pavement on either side of the street. Streetcar tracks with trolley wire overhead were in the middle of the roadway. Where cement sidewalks later were placed, coal cinders were dumped to counteract the mud. Native limestone near the surface likewise served to improve the footing in wet weather. There was no asphalt binder to hold the powdered stone topcoating of the main road. The ample dust that formed received an occasional watering down from the City Street Department's horsedrawn sprinkler.

The west side of the street got sidewalks first. Prisoners under guard from the local jail, some with ball and chain attached to one leg, performed the necessary digging. Experienced workmen under the direction of a foreman completed the frames and the laying of the cement. Junior citizens of the area were overjoyed with their elders at this civic improvement, but not for the same reason. Boys and girls delighted in the roller skating boom that soon flourished. A few years later the east side of the street was paved.

The Hamer and Middlekauff properties had been purchased in 1884 by Frederick W. Hamer, a maternal uncle of my father. He had come as a young music professor from Germany to America by way of Scotland, where he had sojourned briefly. Staunton's numerous private schools afforded him the kind of opportunity he sought in which to practice his profession. In 1879 he returned to Germany for his bride, Miss Caroline Vater. To our family Mr. and Mrs. Hamer were known simply as Onkel and Tante. They and their three children, Ernest, Frederick C. (Fritz), and Elizabeth (Elsa, Mrs. C. Reginald Berry) constituted their household. Fritz attended Staunton Military Academy, the University of Virginia, and Dunsmore Business College. He was summoned home from Charlottesville in May, 1912, on account of the sudden death of his father.

At the Harry B. Middlekauff home lived Mabel, Gardner, and Gladys with their parents. Mabel became a teacher of piano and married a Mr. Smith. Gardner studied medicine at the Medical College of Virginia and served the Weyers Cave community for years as a general practitioner. When in medical school he sent home a finger or two from the body he was dissecting in anatomy class, which souvenir left an indelible impression on the mind of a playmate of his younger sister. Gladys was a year ahead of me in school. Mr. Middlekauff operated a shoe repair business located at the northeast corner of Frederick and Augusta streets. His bachelor brother Robert, a piano tuner, also lived there, as did Aunt Betty, a sister or a sister-in-law, and a Miss Meta Burns. The Middlekauffs kept a horse and a surrey, as well as a cow. When the cow wasn't dry, she was a source of our milk supply.

Ambling on towards town, beyond the Middlekauffs stood the weather-beaten frame home of Mrs. Davis, grandmother of Alva Clay Franklin. It was torn down years ago and replaced by a later dwelling. Clay Franklin, several years my senior, lived at the northwest corner of Caroline Street and Baptist Alley.

Next came the cottage of Charles Serrett, who served in the Virginia Militia in Mexico under John J. Pershing, and whose blond, curly haired little daughter died of diphtheria while she was quite small. A younger son likewise claimed a place in this home. Continuing southward, we simply note that the next two houses, separated by Caroline Street at its juncture with Augusta, were occupied by Negro families, as were the two also that lay beyond.

Opposite the corner of Augusta and Oakenwold the home of Mrs. Ransbottom was located. Mrs. Ransbottom was agent for Larkin and Company Products of Buffalo, New York, and my mother was one of her customers, or should I say, one of her patrons? The large jars of peanut butter thus obtained never seemed quite large enough to my way of thinking.

Mrs. Ransbottom had several grown sons, one of whom had a bicycle for sale. After months of tantalizing negotiation with my father, I worried him into buying it for me for the sum of twelve dollars. That bicycle served me well for several years in going back and forth to Seawright Spring where we had a rustic summer cottage.

Between Mrs. Ransbottom's and Sunnyside Street stood several additional houses, usually with Negro occupants. One of them for a time, however, was the home of the Gillespie brothers,

who operated an ill-starred grocery business at nearby Blakemore's Corner. Here is said to have been the location of the gallows from which John Bullitt was hung for horse-stealing on October 18, 1793; and from this fact the northern area of Staunton received its nickname, Gallowstown. This name, I recall, served as a rallying cry to neighborhood boys of my day when feuding with rivals from Plunkettsville or Sears Hill on the school grounds during recess hours.

The grocery store of Rodney H. Stubbs occupied the narrow strip of ground lying between New Street and Augusta at their intersection with Sunnyside. We traded at Stubbs' store on a credit basis. Bills were paid every month. I coveted the privilege of being the family agent in such transactions, because on the payment of each bill, Mr. Stubbs would give a bonus treat of five cents worth of candy.

A lusterless, lanky colored boy named Alfred was employed to deliver groceries at the homes of customers. My parents had always taught me to have respect for black people and never to call them derogatory names. When, therefore, I was sent for groceries one pre-Christmas season with instruction to buy some Brazil nuts, an item I knew only as "nigger toes," I was put to it when I saw Alfred standing there in the store all ears. With determination, nevertheless, I strove to rise to the occasion, for I asked for "two pounds of Alfred's toes," pointing at the same time to the container with the desired nuts. Grocer Stubbs' initial perplexity soon gave way to vociferous laughter.

Across the street from Stubbs' store at the corner of Augusta and Churchville Avenue was the home of George Keister and his portly wife. Their son Bill apparently disdained athletic games for he seldom played with us boys. George Keister was a brother of the Reverend Thurston O. Keister, successor in 1918 to the Reverend A. D. R. Hancher as pastor of Christ Lutheran Church.

The north corner of Augusta and Churchville was then part of an open field owned by Captain Thomas D. Ranson, which extended west to the Herbert J. Taylor home at the head of Central Avenue. The boys of the neighborhood were eager beavers in assisting with the erection of the Chautauqua tent on this site during the annual appearances of that enlightening force in the town. They would also serve as ticket takers and ushers at performances. By a few hours of dependable work boys could easily escape the ignominy and chagrin—if caught—of crawling under the lowered canvas sidewalls in search of free admission.

Apart from Chautauqua week, however, the boys of the neighborhood appropriated Ranson's field as a community playground, especially during the baseball and football seasons; and this was all the more true since Edward Ranson and Alfred Taylor, son and grandson of the Confederate captain, were usually a part of the gang. This full use of the property as a playground seemed to be one of our inalienable rights. That is, until a humorless Mr. Wilson bought the corner lot and there erected a brick house in which he lived.

By trade a grocer and by hobby a fiddler on the violin, Mr. Wilson advertised both callings on the shingle at the entrance to his store. It read: PROFESSOR WILSON, GROCER. Perhaps it would be better to remember him as owner of one of the first horseless electric buggies in town; but as for the boys, I am quite sure they will never forget his crotchetiness in dealing with them, and for what appeared to them to be his infringement upon their playground rights. This was particularly true in baseball season when well hit fly balls rolled into his yard. Usually Mr. Wilson had the ball in his possession before our fastest outfielder could reach it; and under no circumstances was it returned to play without the accompaniment of a gratuitous tongue-lashing and lecture on keeping off his property.

One time, I well remember, fortune deserted us completely. The ball, the only one we had, rolled through an open cellar window into the Wilson basement and dropped out of sight with a finality prophetic of doomsday. Every player on that field sensed the crisis instantly. Everyone knew that the ball was an irretrievable goner and that the game was ended. That ball might as well have dropped into the bottomless pit.

Returning to our peregrination, we now go north on Augusta. The lot lying between the Wilson property and Oakenwold Street was purchased by the Reverend Mr. Roane, a Methodist minister, who had lost an arm and a leg in an accident of some kind. Hilton Roane was his son, who finished high school in 1919, then went on to college at Randolph-Macon. Avis, an older daughter, was a schoolteacher, and there were also two other older sons. When the Roane's frame house was under construction it was inspected daily by us boys and deemed quite a novelty, because it was being equipped with a home elevator for Mr. Roane's assistance and use.

At the north corner of Augusta and Oakenwold stood Blakemore's store, owned by the grandfather of Bodley and Vaughan Blakemore. These two brothers lived in the house facing on

Oakenwold behind the store and a short distance up the hill from it. Every Christmas they had all the fireworks they were able to shoot off throughout the morning of that blessed day, and they prepared for the occasion by gathering in an adequate supply of punk with which to light the fuses. Their unrestricted freedom in this regard made me green with envy, because I did not then accept the reasons why I was permitted to have no fireworks.

Over Grandpa Blakemore's store lived Mrs. Cline and her young daughter, Mary Arthur. Mrs. Cline was the widowed sister of Mrs. Rosie Sutton, who resided on Central Avenue. For a time Grandpa Blakemore operated a photography studio. A small dwelling, a rental property, separated his store building from his residence beyond it on Augusta Street. After his retirement he rented the store to the two Gillespie brothers from the country. They were too glum and unimaginative to succeed, as their scantily stocked shelves proclaimed.

The property of Frank Grim joined the Blakemore place. Frank had come to Staunton from Winchester. He and his wife had older sons and daughters who were married and had children about the ages of their younger trio, Emma, Bill, and Howard. Emma, a year or two older than I, had a gift for playing the piano by ear. She entertained her friends with all the latest ragtime tunes. Bill and Howard were younger. The father was a stonemason by trade, and with his older sons ran a tombstone business. A vacant lot separated their home from the Blakemore home. One of the married sons built his own home on half of this vacant lot.

Mrs. Grim believed that the due exercise of parental discipline was essential to the proper upbringing of her children. She held to the point of view that the effectiveness of chastisement lay in the promptness of its execution. One day Bill fractured one of the home rules. His mother left whatever had engaged her immediate attention to find him. She located him at Blakemore's corner at the precise moment that I happened along. Without hesitating, she quickly kneeled on one knee on the sidewalk, with one hand pulled her errant offspring across her other knee, with the other hand nimbly removed a slipper from one foot, and then and there she went to work with vigor on Bill's bottom. I stood in awe, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to sympathize.

Beyond the Grim's was the A. A. Eskridge property, where Wilson (Pete) and Howell lived with their parents. Fred, an older brother, already had left home. Howell occasionally played

with our group in baseball season. The Eskridges owned the vacant lot north of their home, and here they erected a brick and frame house that they sold to a Mr. Deffenbaugh from Mt. Sidney. Following a brief sojourn by the Deffenbaugh family, consisting of parents and older sons, a Collins family lived there. Preston Collins was a high school contemporary.

The double house of brick that adjoined the Deffenbaughs to the north had numerous occupants through the years. The H. J. Alwood family lived in the southern half during my high school days. Mr. Alwood had resided in Canada for a while and was the owner of a pair of snowshoes. After a night of heavy snowfall, I borrowed the snowshoes on my way to school. I soon learned that on unpacked snow, and with no previous experience, snowshoes are not mastered in fifteen minutes. They proved a far greater hindrance to my progress than a help and nearly made me late for school.

For many years the Wolfrey family lived in the northern half of the house. Kathleen and Herbert, both my seniors in age, were the young people of the family.

The south corner of Augusta and Virginia Avenue was a vacant lot until R. E. Tyler built his home there. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler had one daughter, Viola, and they lived there many years. Viola subsequently married Leo Schmidt.

The Kingan residence occupied the north corner of Augusta and Virginia Avenue. Mrs. Rosen, a married daughter, with her husband and children lived in the place. Evelyn, the young daughter, called her younger brother by no other name than "Brother," and that name for him was adopted by the neighborhood.

Hogsett's Alley and the two houses owned by Dr. Hogsett, veterinary surgeon, came next. The first house was a small rental property; the second, the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hogsett and their daughter Natalie. The property extended west to Bagby Street and was divided by the alley into eastern and western halves. Thus the alley was along the south side of the Augusta Street half, and because it made two right angle turns, along the north side of the Bagby Street half. The western half was used for a horse pasture and exercise ground, and there was a stable on it bordering the north-south stretch of alley.

Our home was directly across the street from the Hogsett residence. Mrs. Hogsett was a seamstress with considerable patronage. When daughter Natalie's marriage to Frank Zirkle took place at the home one pleasant, sunny morning, it was quite an

occasion in the neighborhood. To keep me from gawking at invited guests as they arrived, I was sent to play with Gladys Middlekauff. We sat on her front porch steps and there gawked upon the engaging scene at a less obvious distance, a situation under the circumstances more acceptable to my mother. Gladys challenged me to the exciting, improvised game with the equally improvised title of "Who Can Eat Cookies Slower?", which being interpreted was a contest to see who could keep unconsumed the longer time the three cookies each had been given. I had already eaten one cooky pronto. As I noticed that Gladys was holding two in her hand, I readily accepted the challenge. We dawdled like infants who ignore every exhortation to eat their victuals promptly. At long, long last our cookies were consumed, the outcome resulting in what I believed to be a perfect tie; but Gladys, knowing that she had outfoxed me, produced her third cooky from some secret hiding place and proved unquestionably that she had triumphed.

Some time after the death of Dr. Hogsett, Mrs. Hogsett went to live with her daughter. Her home was occupied for brief periods by the Jacob Heveners and by Attorney and Mrs. H. F. Scheele, after which time the W. F. Bucher family moved in from the smaller house beside it.

The first family to occupy the Hogsett small house about whom I have any knowledge was that of a future high school classmate, Elsie Kennedy. To be utterly truthful, I have no recollection of anything about the Kennedy family as neighbors. It is my sister Winfred who will not let me forget one fact: for it is her painful memory that it was on the front porch of this house during the Kennedy occupation of it that I was guilty of pulling out some of her hair by the roots in the midst of an infantile brotherly-sisterly altercation.

The William Frank Buchers followed the Kennedys in this house and lived in it until they moved into the larger Hogsett home. Frank Bucher hailed from Bartonsville, Frederick County. His wife was a Miss Gilkerson from Churchville. They had three daughters: Bessie, who gravitated to New York City and married a Mr. Pike; Helen, who married Ed Herrmann of Charlottesville; and Evelyn, another neighborhood girl with whom I played frequently, who was a year ahead of me in school, and who married Bill Smith, an S. M. A. cadet. Mr. Bucher was employed for years as a clerk at the post office.

A Dunsmore family from Ronceverte, West Virginia, followed the Buchers in the small house. Three of its members

were boys younger than I, though I condescended to play with them on occasion. Mrs. Dunsmore's father was gatekeeper at Western State Hospital and lived in the gate house on Greenville Avenue. The Dunsmores were our neighbors for a relatively short time.

Then came Percy and Annie Jordan and their brood. Percy was an electrician at Staunton Military Academy. Emory, Horace, Alma, Robert, Jean and Margaret were their children. Emory, Horace and I would play marbles in season and out—and for keeps, despite our mothers' reproofs. We would spin our tops and also plug for keeps. In winter we would build snow forts some twenty feet apart, and standing behind them for protection, we would fire snowballs at one another, the winner being the one who scored the highest number of hits. We would toss a baseball back and forth endlessly. We would stand in the middle of Augusta Street and punt or pass a football hours on end. Traffic in those days still could be counted by the hour on hands and toes. Rather, I would say, by the half hour; for it was by the streetcar schedule that we kept time.

That schedule called for southbound cars to start from the end of the line at the top of the hill in front of the Grasty residence at a quarter before the hour, and at a quarter past the hour. The first car each day was the 6:15 a.m. run, and the last one the 10:15 p.m. run. Rose Alley (a porcelain-faced sign on the side of our house dignified the name to Rose Street) was considered a legitimate car stop, to the especial convenience of our family. When callers from other parts of town came visiting in the evening, the northbound 10:10 car signalled their departure in five minutes, else they would be obliged to walk home.

Besides, the streetcar motormen were reasonable and accommodating. One day the Reverend J. Mortimer Souder, minister of St. John's Reformed Church at Middlebrook, my mother's maternal uncle, stopped in for dinner. He had not quite finished his meal when the car he was to take started down the hill three minutes ahead of schedule. Watch in hand, he stopped the car as if to board it, but instead, he showed the motorman that he was early and insisted that he wait a moment. The car waited. Uncle Mort finished his dessert and coffee. And the car proceeded on its way on time.

North of the Hogsett property lay the Hudson property, likewise consisting of two houses side by side. The first was a small cottage where Fannie and Frank Stubbs lived. They were sister and brother, and Rod Stubbs, the grocer, was their brother. Frank

Stubbs was a cripple who sat in his wheelchair all day long, while Sister Fannie, very hard of hearing, cared for him and ran the house. As a young man Frank had gone to Terre Haute, Indiana, to make his home, but by some mishap he had been paralyzed from the waist down. Mother saw to it that I delivered to him every day or two our discarded copies of the Baltimore Sun. Despite his handicap his spirit was ever young. His friendship toward me, and his genuine interest in me, made my visits to him occasions of real pleasure.

Mr. Stubbs would take large lithographs, paste them to cardboard backs, and cut them into odd shapes, as his version of jigsaw puzzle gifts for his young friends. Again, he would cut separate heads, bodies, arms and legs out of cardboard, paint them appropriately, and string them together as jumping jacks. By means of a string that hung down like a tail, one could make the jack shake arms and legs in high glee.

In the spring of the year, as he sat in the sun on his front porch, he would say to me: "Fetch me a switch from the pussy-willow tree yonder." At the same time a hand would dive into a trousers' pocket for a knife. The switch procured, he then selected a straight, smooth, six-inch section between buds and cut through the outer skin in a perfect encirclement, an inch or two from one end. Near the other end he made a deep cut into the switch, about a third of the way through; then an inch or less from this cut toward the middle of the switch he made a second cut on an angle toward the first, in order to fashion a lip such as is found in an organ pipe. Closing his knife and using its flat back as a hammer, he gently tapped the tender-skinned bark of the wood, from the encircling cut to the opposite end, at the same time being ever so careful not to break the bark. With his fingers he then twisted the bark slowly until it came loose in one piece from the inner wood. The skinned wood was now shortened to a desired length. A plug was fashioned for the lip end of the hollow bark from the piece cut off from the inner wood, the top side of which was flattened for the passage of air. The peeled wood was then inserted back into the bark, and wonder of wonders, a willow whistle was the result. My father, with a highly trained ear sensitive to the quality of every sound, never could appreciate, as I did, Frank Stubb's craftsmanship.

Frank and Fannie Stubbs moved from the Hudson house to one farther north on the same side of the street owned by Mrs. Grasty.

The second Hudson house had been the residence of that family for years. During the time of which I write, many of the members either had departed this life, or had departed from Staunton to live elsewhere. Miss Cora Hudson, longtime principal of Beverly Manor Academy, is the only one of the name that I can recall. Her brother-in-law, Henry Lichliter, also resided there, as did his daughter, Vernon, a contemporary of my older sisters. There were others in this family for whom I cannot account.

Miss Cora was accustomed to walk to and from her school at the corner of New and Academy Streets. She always carried a huge handbag filled with books and papers. I hold on to the singular recollection that the hue of her hair underwent startling variation from time to time. Once I was in her home. I was entranced by the large glass case of stuffed birds to be seen in the front parlor.

Henry Lichliter was a printer. I do not know his politics, only that he was not a member of the Prohibition Party. He hailed from the vicinity of Woodstock and was a friend of my maternal grandfather, Mark M. Rodeffer, who was a native of that town. When Grandfather visited in our home, he and Henry would reminisce over Shenandoah County problems and personalities.

Vernon Lichliter was usually a walking companion of my sisters to Sunday School at Christ Lutheran Church on Lewis Street above Beverley. Dressed and ready, she would come to our house ahead of time and stand in the dining room, arms akimbo, while my mother made a final inspection of her daughters, fixing a curl or a sash, or adjusting this or that.

The next house north was that of the William L. Livick family. Livick's Alley ran west from Augusta to Bagby as a western extension of Tams Street. Toward the rear of the frame residence a narrow storeroom had been added at right angles that extended north to the alley. Here was run a small but well stocked grocery business. Mr. Livick was a miller at the White Star Mills. He worked on the night shift. He clerked in the store when he was not sleeping in daylight hours, but it was his wife who ran the store. At Christmas she was accustomed to treat her customers to a quart of oysters. At our house her anticipated gift was promptly converted into stew for Christmas Eve supper. Harry, their son, attended Roanoke College, pursued the study of pharmacy, and practiced his profession in Richmond. Mamie, the elder daughter, often helped her mother in the store. After

World War I she took a position as a manual therapist in a veterans' hospital and later married one of her patients. Irene, the youngest, another of my childhood playmates, was several grades behind me in school. Aunt Sally Jenkins, a small woman of dark complexion, a half-sister of Mrs. Livick, made her home there also.

Beyond Livick's Alley was the home of Miss Betty Dawson, who lived alone in her drab frame house. Then followed the dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and their adopted daughter Jane. Adjoining this property was the Giles' residence, where Mrs. Giles, mother of Mrs. Walter Johnson, lived with Miss Robbie, an unmarried daughter. The Gileses formerly lived in the house occupied by the Nichols family. Then came the Walter Johnson home where Godwin, a few years older than I, and Lula Belle, a year ahead of me in school, and Lewis, two years behind me in school, and a baby sister named Copeland resided.

Walter Johnson came to Staunton from Alleghany County through the influence of Oscar Vollers, then engaged in the building trade. Vollers had married Emma Prufer of Staunton, a sister of Julius and Charles Prufer. Vollers helped Johnson establish himself as a cement contractor with a place of business on Tams Street. Mr. Johnson did considerable work on buildings and grounds at Staunton Military Academy and also took care of smaller jobs when they presented themselves. He used a motorcycle, which I once attempted to ride and nearly got a leg crushed as a result. Mr. Johnson, unfortunately, went broke. He made a new start at Charlottesville, to which place his family moved. There at Lane High School my sister Lillian had Lewis as a pupil. Lewis went on to the University of Virginia and then became a professor at Washington and Lee.

As boys, Godwin and I did not get along very well. I must have annoyed him, I suppose. At any rate he told me he was out to get me one Hallowe'en night. With other playmates of the same size wrapped in sheets and wearing black false faces, I sought refuge and security in this common disguise as we moved from house to house paying our annual calls. I was all the while on the lookout for Godwin, who did not fail to put in his appearance. He was carrying what seemed to be a piece of heavy brown paper. He looked over our small crowd searching for me, but he was unable to decide who I was. Frustrated, he laid hold of the first person he could grab. His squirming, squealing victim turned out to be Gladys Middlekauff. Over her masked face he plas-

tered the paper. It was a sheet of fly paper. Gladys went home in tears.

When the Johnsons moved to Charlottesville their home became the residence of the George Bosselman family, who moved to town from a farm on the New Hope road. Mr. Bosselman, widower, lived there with his unmarried daughters Annie, Alice, Mattie and Mary Sue. Three sons and two daughters previously had married and had established their own homes.

Adjacent to the Johnson-Bosserman property was the south boundary of the considerable acreage of the Grasty estate. This included the two houses south of Grasty Street behind which was a vacant lot extending west to Bagby Street; also the entire expanse of Grasty Hill west of Bagby Street; also the grounds surrounding the Grasty residence proper; and in addition, the field opposite on the east side of Augusta Street between Dover and Edgewood. The vacant field along Grasty Street was appropriated frequently by boys of the neighborhood as an alternate baseball diamond to that at Augusta and Churchville Avenue. The only house then existing on Grasty Hill was one at its eastern edge just off Bagby Street where Bill, Frank, and Carl Black lived. For flying kites, Grasty Hill was tops in town. The Grasty residence was the most pretentious on the street. It was built of stone and had a singular bell-shaped dome at the roof line, facing east. The grounds were nicely landscaped with plantings of flowering shrubs, shade trees, and evergreens. My father once became the unwitting victim of receiving a handsome blue spruce Christmas tree that had been stolen from under the shadow of the Grasty front porch. The residence, known as Breezy Hill, occupied the crest of the Augusta Street hill that begins its rise at Oakenwold Street.

The Porter home, the Hevener home, the Alexander home, the Olivier home, and the Lang home followed in order northward on the west side of the street. With the Lang property the paved sidewalk ended; but before I go into this, I must not forget the three houses between the Johnson and Grasty homes.

The first house was the Grasty-owned home into which Fannie and Frank Stubbs moved from their former domicile. It was through the generosity of Albert Schultz, kind friend and neighbor, that they were able to live there; for, as Mr. Frank confided on one occasion, it was Albert Schultz who always paid the rent.

A Myers family lived at the south corner of Augusta and Grasty. Two daughters were in this home. One of the sad neighborhood tragedies occurred to the younger girl, who ran in front

of a southbound trolley car while roller skating and met instant death.

Jacob L. Baugher bought the north corner lot beyond and erected a bungalow type home there. An early automobile dealer, he came to Staunton from Harrisonburg, where he had married a Miss Fletcher. Their daughter Iva attended Mary Baldwin Seminary and graduated in music under my father. Their son Meredith was a high school classmate, who studied law at Washington and Lee and practiced it at Miami, Florida.

It was customary at Mary Baldwin for each music graduate to give a final recital before she received her diploma. Such recitals were held in the chapel with its stage and circus benches on either side. Students occupied the tiers of circus benches, while faculty, guests, and visitors from the town sat in the rows of double desks that filled the main area of the auditorium. Student performers, therefore, were faced with hearers on three sides. Men—that ulterior species from which Mary Baldwin girls were so zealously guarded—were permitted to attend soirees and other public functions, though their appearance was rare enough to cause fluttering comment.

When Iva Baugher Summers was in the midst of performing her graduate recital, who should put in his tardy appearance but Sam Lapsley, an eligible bachelor known to the students of the Seminary in general. They began to oh and to ah and to motion and whisper to such a degree that their conduct became not simply unladylike, but disturbingly audible. Iva at the piano heard the buzz but was oblivious to the cause of it. She misinterpreted it as having something to do with her performance. She became so indignant that she stopped her playing, rose up from the piano, and stalked out of the place in high dismay. Her professor calmed her down when he told her the real cause of the disturbance, and after an unscheduled delay, Iva returned to complete her program and to give an excellent account of herself.

The heavy artillery used in World War I inspired Meredith Baugher and Godwin Johnson to construct their own cannon. Out of a piece of lead pipe they built a Big Bertha in miniature. That it was not wholly successful is evidenced by the fact that, when the contraption was fired, it exploded. Meredith was hit in the mouth by lead from the barrel, causing him to lose a part of his jawbone and some of his teeth.

At the Grasty home lived Mrs. Grasty and her daughter Mamie. Mr. Grasty had died but recently. Mamie, a music pupil of my father, later married Dr. Richard P. Bell. After their mar-

riage he too lived at Breezy Hill. They were the parents of sons and daughters. J. H. C. Grasty, Mamie's brother, lived with his wife and children about a mile farther north in the country at the foot of the hill beyond the House of Israel cemetery. The children drove back and forth to town in a pony cart. Their Grandmother Grasty likewise maintained a horse and surrey, cared for and driven by Brownie, a colored man of small stature, together with other servants of the household.

Proceeding to the homes north of the Grasty mansion, I recall little about Mr. and Mrs. Porter except their appearance. They were both large in size, and their son Howard was a grown man of like proportions.

Jacob and Ocie McNeil Hevener claimed Highland County as their point of origin. Jacob was related, though I do not know the precise relationship, to Washington Hevener of Hightown, whose wife was a first cousin of my Grandfather Rodeffer. They came to North Augusta Street while their home was being built beyond the Porters, and they lived a short time in the Hogsett residence before Mrs. Hogsett departed from it. Their older son, Harold, was somewhat older than I, and he was in my grade at school. School, however, was not his interest and he became a dropout. He had a turn of mind for mechanics. He amazed me by building toy airplanes that could fly. Rubber bands were attached to propeller and tail of a plane, the propeller then turned round and round until the bands were taut, and suddenly the plane was released. The flight lasted for a few seconds for a distance of fifty or sixty feet. Harold collaborated with Sam Loewner in constructing a number of other intricate devices. Considerably younger than Harold was his brother, Jacob, Jr.

The W. W. Sproul family from Middlebrook occupied the Hevener place while several of their daughters were in attendance at Lee High School and their own home in the country was undergoing renovation.

The John Alexander residence was a comfortable red brick home with spacious lawn in front and a walkway leading from the street through beds of rosebushes. In the rear were a vegetable garden, an orchard, a chicken house and lot, and a general utility building for tools and storage. John Alexander came from the neighborhood of old St. Michael's Church in the Bridgewater vicinity. He attended Augusta Military Academy, studied law at Washington and Lee, and came to Staunton to hang out his shingle. His wife was a Georgia belle by the name of Jane Selman, who had come originally to Staunton to teach elocution at the

Staunton Female Seminary, defunct since 1895. The Alexanders had no children. Mrs. Alexander's maiden sister, Neva Selman, made her home with them, and almost every summer they entertained Selman nieces and nephews from Milledgeville, Atlanta, and Birmingham. My sister Winifred and I were invited to affairs given for the entertainment of these young people. Catharine Beeson, a niece, made numerous visits to her aunts, where she met Sam Wright whom she later married. One summer a house party for Catharine and half a dozen of her Georgia girlfriends was held at the Alexander home, and this particular party lasted an entire month. Mrs. Alexander would coach me in the recitations I was asked to give at the Christmas and Easter programs at Sunday School. She also had a class of ballroom dance beginners that she conducted at Highland Park. I was a most unpromising member of this group. Mrs. Alexander and Miss Neva were dear friends of my mother.

The Olivier family lived next to the Alexanders. They had two small daughters, the older of whom was named Katherine. Mr. Olivier's sister-in-law, Mrs. E. G. Olivier, was one of my high school Latin teachers.

Henry L. Lang, jeweler, had the last home within the town limits. Open country began beyond his place. The Langs had two daughters and a son: Irma, Helen, and Henry. Irma, before her marriage to Powell Stratton, would walk past our place going to town. The girls of the neighborhood all had a crush on her, for when they saw her approaching from afar, they would run to meet her, hug her, and walk along with her arm in arm. Helen was an athletic type who never married. She loved the game of tennis and played it well on the court in her own back yard. Henry spent a number of years in the U. S. Navy.

Beyond the Langs on the west side of the Valley Pike was located the Mary Baldwin Seminary farm under the management of Thomas Butler. A driveway entered the property at the Lang line, and the farmhouse where the Butlers lived was close at hand. An unmarried daughter, Miss Ida, kept house for her father, who was a widower. A second daughter married a Mr. Fox and had three sons, of whom Herbert, my age and classmate at school, was the eldest. The Foxes lived for a time on New Street, then on Central Avenue across from Clem Brothers' ice factory.

Herbert took me on the first formal call I ever made upon a young lady. One afternoon, after getting myself scrubbed, spruced, and polished (it must have been a Saturday), we went

to see Charlene Kiracofe, one of our classmates, who lived at the corner of Church and Johnson streets. It was indeed quite a formal visit, as I recall. We paid our respects, sat a spell, and returned to our respective homes.

Mr. Butler not only superintended the Mary Baldwin farm, where he raised asparagus and other early vegetables for spring consumption, as well as corn, lima beans, celery, and late maturing crops for fall and winter use, but he also kept the pack of hounds belonging to William Wayt King, business manager of the school. Mr. King loved foxhunting, and often with horse and hounds he rode past our house en route to an afternoon of sport.

Mary Baldwin's cultivated gardens extended along the Pike as far as the four hole golf course, maintained for student golfing enthusiasts. The golf links in turn stretched as far as the Sandy Hollow road. Westward the farm ascended the slope of the hill, at the top of which was the home of the Linn family. Here, I am told, is where Grandma Moses once lived during her Staunton sojourn. West of the golf course was an apple orchard into which, in the fall of the year, golf balls were driven not simply by accident. As a caddy I climbed the orchard fence many a time to bring back a few apples, as well as to retrieve some balls for my student employers.

In winter when snow was on the ground the golf links made an excellent and safe place for sledding. Boys and girls from our end of town considered this a favorite location for that particular sport; and after the track down the hill to the diagonal corner along the Pike had been broken and well packed, they resorted thither in droves. The task of breaking the track was left to two or three self-appointed superenthusiasts, of whom I was one once. In autumn the golf course enjoyed still another use. A boys group under the direction of the Reverend William Gibbs McDowell used the relatively level northeast corner of the field for football practice.

Mr. McDowell was rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church. The boys he gathered together came from various parts of town. They met a time or two at the home of Lacy Gibson, diagonally across the intersection of Augusta and Frederick from the new Y. M. C. A. corner. Our chief interest was the football team which Mr. McDowell coached. The members of the squad were: Bodley and Vaughan Blakemore, Fred and George Baylis, Herbert Fox, Lacy Gibson, Irvin Hanger, Harold Hevener, William Perry, Edward Ranson, William Rodgers, Alfred Taylor, and I. We were a pioneer club, the only one in the area. And that was

our undoing, for we had no opposition or rival team to challenge us. We disbanded without playing a game.

Across Sandy Hollow road lay the Negro cemetery. Mention of it brings to mind the many processions that passed our home en route to this spot. The three churches on Augusta Street between Point and Prospect were the scene of most of the funerals within the colored community of Staunton. The mile between these churches and the cemetery afforded capital opportunity for pallbearers, members of fraternal orders and civic groups, and buglers, trumpeters and other musicians who proceeded on foot in front of the horse-drawn hearse bedecked in black crepe, or who followed on foot after the carriages of mourners, to display the splendor of their costumes, banners, and other regalia, as well as the fantastic intricacies of their marching steps. What didos they cut! I got the notion as a boy that a funeral was a time of uninhibited exuberance of spirit.

Not far beyond the colored cemetery a road to the west led past the entrance to the hilltop home of W. W. Gibbs. On the Pike at the south corner of this road stood the nearest-to-town tollgate then existing. At the north corner of the road was the home of John Landes, wholesale fruit and produce merchant, whose place of business was at the corner of Central Avenue and Baldwin Street, opposite the firehouse. Mr. and Mrs. Landes had a number of daughters: Katherine, Mary, Julia, "Dimples." A son died when he was a small boy.

(To be continued in next issue)

Fourteenth of a Series

OLD HOMES OF AUGUSTA COUNTY

"Stone Ridge"

The Home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Botkin

Gladys B. Clem

One notices the substantial old stone dwelling, approximately two miles west of Churchville on Route 250, and wonders at the history that must have touched it as the years passed by. Presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Botkin, it has had a succession of owners and renters through the long period of its existence.

The date of its construction is unknown. But many architectural details points to it having been built in the early 1800's. Much of its stone work approximates that of the Hessian Mercenaries, either the builder absorbed some of their excellent workmanship or employed them in its construction. (Many of the German artisans remained after the Revolutionary War and made America their home.)

The eighteen inch thick walls have deeply embrasured windows designed on the slant that shows the wall's thickness. But alas, they no longer have their small panes so characteristic of homes built in that period, having been replaced by large four pane windows at some later date. The fireplaces are original, with the arched stone work and mantels that are lovely in their simplicity of design. The outside stone framing of the windows have the same arched detail as the fireplaces. The chimneys are singularly unique, one being constructed in the English manner on the outside of the wall, the other built inside the wall, significant of the Hessian manner. The latter shows the fireplaces built crosswise of the corner of the room, enabling four rooms to have access to one chimney. Small portholes in the attic, flanked both chimneys. One can't help but admire the stonework which remains as staunch and true as the day the dwelling was completed.

A wide center hall, with two rooms on either side is duplicated on both floors, complemented with a full basement whose wide fireplace once accommodated the crane, the Dutch ovens and the iron cooking pots of earlier generations. An easy flowing



WEST ENTRANCE of Stone Ridge.

Photo by William H. Bushman

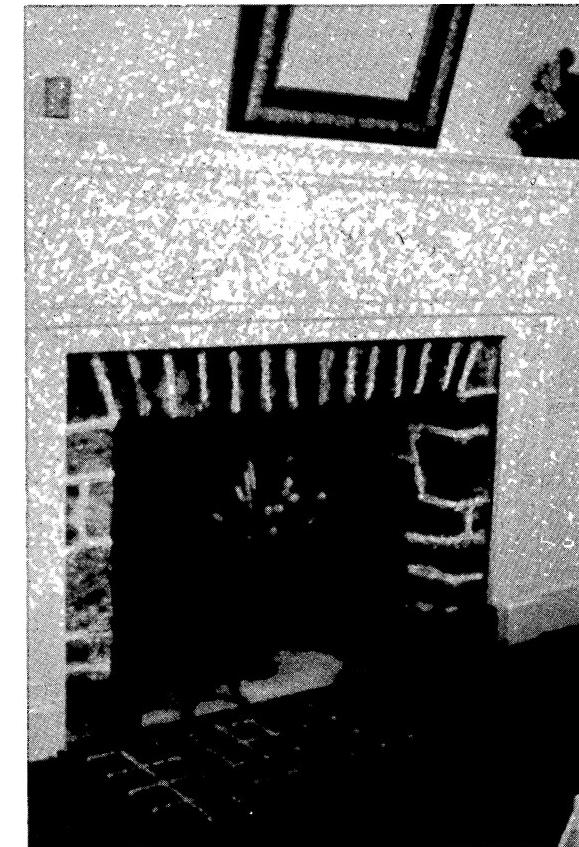
stairway, with reeded designed newel and graceful bannisters leads to the full attic.

Both front and back entrances have plain fanlights, both doors obviously having been changed and a colonnaded portico added to the west entrance at some later date.

Before these changes were instituted, it is said a huge door stone answered as an entry. Through the years of use its surface became as smooth as though waxed.

Court records show that John Armstrong, Sr. was one of the early owners of Stone Ridge. He had married Mary Crawford (the daughter of William and Rachel Crawford whose parents, Alexander and Mary McPheeters Crawford were victims of this area's last Indian raid) by whom he had seven children. One daughter had married John Riddle and another, Rachel, never married but remained single.

Nancy and John Riddle lived for a time in Ohio, following their marriage, where a daughter, Anna Maria was born to them. While only a small child of nine months the Riddles decided to return to Virginia and live. The tiny Anna Maria made the long trek by horseback, without any adverse difficulties, it is said. Another daughter was born to the Riddles later but died in its early infancy. Both parents died comparatively young and Anna



ORIGINAL FIREPLACE showing mantel and hand-carved chair rail.

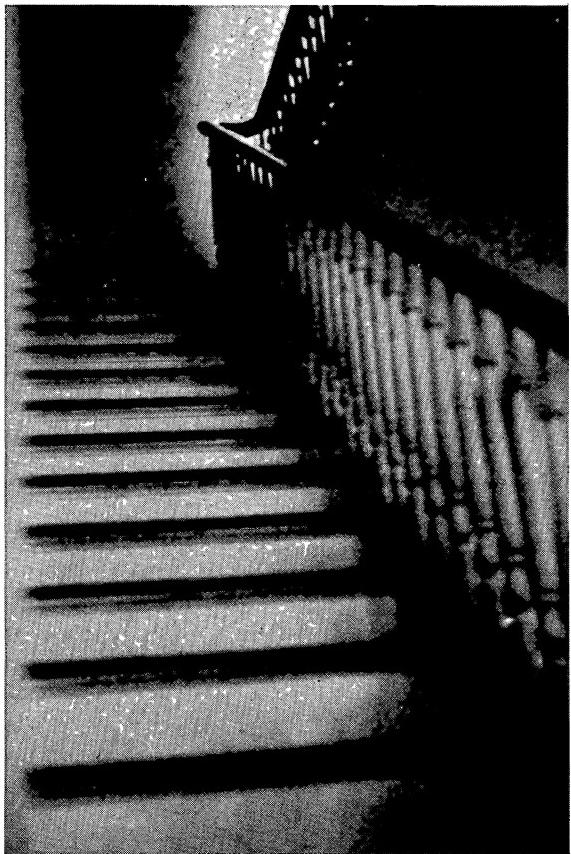
Photo by William H. Bushman

Maria was left in the care of her Aunt Rachel Armstrong, who raised her.

Like a bright silken thread, the personality of Anna Maria is woven in and out of the past that surrounds this old home. Said to have been small in stature and fastidious in her habits, she was also shrewd and alert. With excellent business judgement she and her Aunt Rachel managed the inheritance left to them through the will of John Armstrong, Sr.

Neither did romance pass the young orphan by.

She is said to have had her share of youthful suitors, but as was customary, in that day of set social rules, once her choice was made her other swains gradually withdrew.



STAIRWAY to second floor.

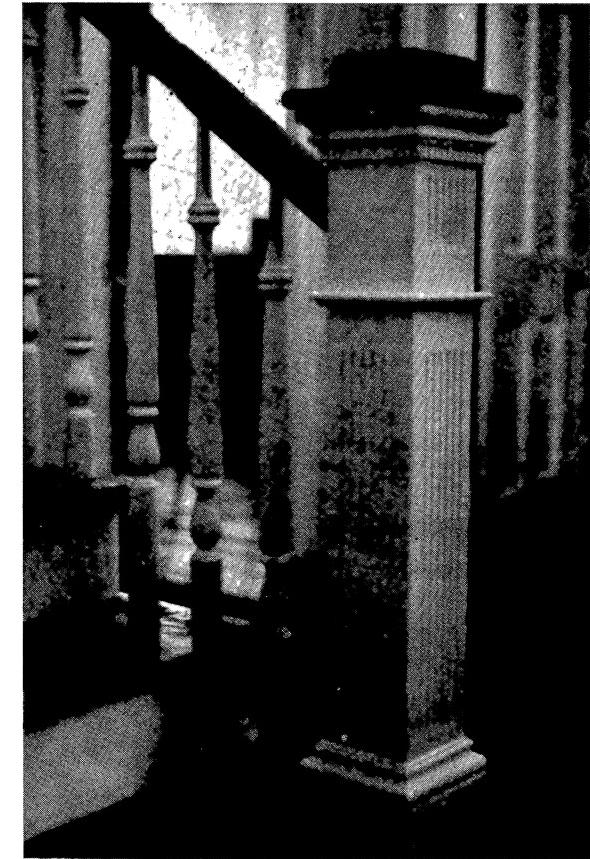
Photo by William H. Bushman

At a certain time on Sunday afternoons punctually this young man of her preference would come riding up the lane, his horse's hoofs striking sparks from the half hidden stones.

If the day was fine Anna Maria would be sitting on the rustic bench under the large old walnut tree — always her favorite spot since a little girl — and wait for him. Long summer hours they would sit here planning their future together.

Then the ominous clouds of war cast dark shadows over the Valley and all the able-bodied men marched off to serve their State, Anna Maria's sweetheart among them.

At first letters came frequently. But as the fighting advanced closer in and around the whole Shenandoah area the lines



REEDED NEWEL POST and cherry railing are part of attractive stairway.

Photo by William H. Bushman

were often so confused and disorganized that only an occasional message by word of mouth reached the anxious girl. Her only solace and comfort was to wait beneath the sheltering limbs of the old walnut tree where their happiest hours had been spent.

Then the message came one day that her sweetheart would never return. He had been killed in battle.

As an unwritten memorial to her lover she declared the tree should never be cut down in her lifetime. For years it was known as "Anna Maria's tree."

She never married but continued to live with her Aunt Rachel Armstrong at Stone Ridge. At her aunt's death in 1877

she left Anna Maria one-half interest in the old homeplace "to be her home to her death, if she so desires."

For years she remained here, the only home she had ever known, until in her late eighties, when she came to Staunton and resided with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jordan until her death a decade later. She died March 8, 1923 at the age of ninety-six, being probably one of the oldest persons in this part of Augusta County. Her burial service was preached by the loved and venerated Dr. T. W. White of Churchville, with interment in Union Presbyterian Church Cemetery, located on Route 42. She bequeathed her Churchville property to Mr. and Mrs. Jordan after other legacies had been met.

Various land conveyances, involving Stone Ridge, aside those already mentioned were made to George Swoope, Mrs. Laura Cross and Dr. Marshall Jones, who in turn disposed of it to the present Botkin family.

Some succeeding owner, who must have considered the great amount of walnut lumber in the tree more valuable than sentiment, cut the old landmark down. For years children played around its stump, flowers and vines were planted on it, but it's only the older generation that can now recall the romance of "Anna Maria's tree."

1850 CENSUS OF AUGUSTA COUNTY, VIRGINIA: MORTALITY TABLE

The following records are what is called Schedule 3 of the 7th Census of the United States of America which was enumerated in 1850. The 1850 Census was the first one in which every person was listed by name, age, sex, color and occupation, as well as place of birth. Those enumerations are called Schedule 1. Schedule 2 of the 1850 Census was the "Slave Schedule." Schedule 3 was the "Mortality Table": the listing of all people who had died in the year previous to June 1, 1850. This table can be called the first official death register of Augusta County, Virginia. Beginning in 1853, the Commonwealth of Virginia began recording births and deaths through the offices of the county clerks. These records were kept through 1896, discontinued for 16 years and begun again in 1912. Augusta County is fortunate in having both the original Census books of 1850 for Augusta County, as well as birth and death registers for the years 1853-1896.

Schedule 3—Persons who Died during the Year ending 1st June 1850, in District 1½ in the County of Augusta, State of Virginia, enumerated by me, H. M. Bell, Ass't Marshal.

Name of every person who Died during the Year ending 1st June, 1850, whose usual Place of Abode at the time of his Death was in his Family	Description	Place of Birth	The Month in which the Person or Trade died.	Disease, or Cause of Death	Number of Days III
William	Age 22 Sex M Colored Widowed	M Penn. Va.	May September	Typhus Fever Childbirth	11 4
Mary Hutton	26 F	M Augusta, Va.	April March	Dropsey	365
George Greiner	59 M	W Augusta, Va.	July	Dropsey	151
Catharine Ellinger	69 F	Augusta, Va.		Disentary	16
Timothy Sullivan	5 M	Rockingham, Va.		Putrid Sore Throat	23
Absolom Wright	3 M	Va. Sept.			
Mary N. Hyde	10 F	Augusta, Va.	Nov.	Sore Throat	7
William A. Hyde	5 M	" "	Nov.	Sore Throat	7
Samuel Myers	55 M	M Frederic, Va.	Merchant	Dropsey	60
Mary A. Cribbins	7 F	Augusta, Va.		Sore throat	7
George H. Johnson	3 M	Augusta, Va.	Sept.	Sore throat	4
George E. Edson	2 M	" "	Oct.	Sore throat	14
James L. Rankin	54 M	W " "	August	Cholera	7
Thomas Lynn	8/12 M	M Penra.	Farmer	unknown	8
Samuel	32 M	Bath Rapahannock	Laborer	Spinal	3
Nancy Burke	68 F	M Augusta, Va.	Farmer	Pleurisy	17
Samuel Landis	61 M	M Penra.	Dec.	Paralysis	9
Eliza J. Wright	21 F	M Augusta, Va.	Nov.	Purable Fem	7
Elizabeth J. Wright	1/36 F	" "	"	unknown	4
Susan R. Ramsburg	3/12 F	" "	August	unknown	10
Augustus	8 M	S Maryland	June	unknown	80
John Sites	78 M	Maryland	June	Cancer	365
John Bright	6 M	Augusta, Va.	Feby	Inflammation of brain	1/2

Adelpha Jane	1 F B	" Rockingham	Jany Dec.	unknown Master Pneumonia	42
George W. Frankum	40 M	M Va.	Feby	"	4
Eliza J. Landis	19 F	"	October	Flux	40
Elizabeth L. Reid	47 F	"	April	Flux	7
Sally G. Reid	42 F	"	October	Group	3
James W. Stover	5 M	"	April	Cancer	2
Anne Sheets	50 F	M "	April	Group	60
Mary E. Myers	2 F	"	April	Paralysis	2
Samuel Landis	61 M	M "	Dec.	Pleury	8
Balser Lutz	81 M	M Penna.	Farmer	Inflammation	5
Elizabeth A. Lamb	5/12 F	Va.	June	of bowels	18
Mary Accord	29 F	M "	July	Childbirth	1
Susan Whitlock	43 F	W "	August	Suicide	
Thomas B. Wheeler	1 M	"	July	Chronic croup	21
Jacob W. Wheeler	3 M	"	July	"	14
Susan Beirly	44 F	M "	December	Pneumonia	30
John C. Ross	2 M	"	July	Flux	10
Rebecca J. McClung	38 F	M "	April	Bronchitis	6 weeks
James W. Berry	9 M	"	June	Sore throat	6 days
Cornelia A. Berry	4 F	"	July	"	10 "
Israel	3 M	B S	July	"	10 "
James D. Miller	6 M	B S	Sept.	Flux	6 weeks
Thomas	1 M	"	"	Flux	4 weeks
Mary W. Hall	2 F	M Virginia	May	Drowned	Sudden
Maria Leech	72 F	M "	Feby	Old Age	3 months
Sarah Wine	21 F	M "	June	Measles	Sudden
Grace	80 F	B S	April	Paralysis	3 months
Elizabeth McCune	26 F	"	June	Consumption	1 year
Jenette Galbreath	68 F	M "	October	Dropsey	

Abram Gochenour	23	M		"	March	Farmer	3 weeks
DeWit S. Mowry	9/12	M		"	January	Pneumonia	4 days
Julia A. Dickinson	37	F		"	April	"	3 weeks
Hester A. Beard	10/12	F		"	Feby	unknown	2 weeks
Nancy Moore	34	F		"	May	Inflammation of bowels	2 weeks
Daniel Hildebrand	3	M		"	March	Scrofula	3 weeks
Julia B. Barger	4/12	F		"	Sept.	Inflammation of bowels	1 day
John Conner	72	M		M	July	Farmer	3 weeks
Catharine Crouse	58	F		M	July	Trader	3 weeks
Francis Irvine	36	M		M	July	Landlord	1 month
Wm M. Leake	55	M		M	April	Pneumonia	Old Age
Nancy Baines	80	F		W	March	Diarrhea	3 weeks
Mary A. Iseman	48	F		M	August	Pneumonia	1 month
Estaline Iseman	8	F		M	August	Flux	3 weeks
Betsy Davis,	42	F		M	October	Flux	2 weeks
Caroline	12	F	B	S	July	Paralysis	9 months
Mary E. Keiser	12	F		"	Sept.	Dropsy	4 months
John Koiner	19	M		"	Dec.	Worms	4 weeks
Alonzo Mills	28	M		M	May	Stabbed	Instant
Elizabeth Messersmith	33	F		M	October	consumption	4 months
Philip Koiner	72	M		M	October	consumption	12 months
Archibald Stuart	71	M	B	W	December	Dropsy	15 months
Dennis	61	M		Virginia	Feby	Paralysis	5 days
				"		Inflammation of bowels	3 days
Paxton Guthrie	1	M		"		Flux	3 weeks
Celestine Koiner	36	F		M	July	Typhus Fever	3 weeks
Ann Frazer	75	F		"	Sept.	Pneumonia	3 days
Peter	70	M	B	S	May	Dropsey	Sudden
Adam	1	M	B	S	Feby	Burn	1 week

Nancy	2F	B	S	M	"	"	Dec.	Sore Throat	1 week
Mary Ott	33	F		M	"	"	June	Pneumonia	9 days
John Kennedy	34	M		M	"	"	Dec.	Consumption	6 months
Ann Graham	64	F		M	Penna.		October	Epilepsy	17 hours
Mary M. Bumgardner	84	F		M	Virginia		Dec.	Old age	
Jacob Silor	89	M		M	"	"	Feby	Paralysis	Sudden
Magnus W. Stribling	3/12	M	B	S	"	"	June	Whooping cougl	2 months
Thomas	18	M		W	"	"	March	Pneumonia	6 weeks
Susannah Swortzal	65	F			"	"	July	Dropsy	1 month
William Irvine	68	M			"	"	March	Idiot, pauper	
John A. Dalton	8	M			"	"	December	Old age	2 days
Thomas Thomas	49	M		W	"	"	July	Sore throat	2 months
								Consumption	2 months

District 2, Augusta County, Virginia; David Points, Ass't
Marshal. (This district includes the City of Staunton.)

Amanda J. Brady	3	F			Virginia	August	1	Croup	
Catharine Wellen (Weller)	35	F			"	February	10	Fever	10
John Bowles	61	M			Ireland	December	10	Inflamm. Lungs	10
Daphney	40	F	M	S	Virginia	March	C		
John Garber	1/12	M			"	February		Unknown	Sudden
Henry C. Adams	6	M			"	December		Lap'g of Bowels	6
Mary E. Adams	12	F			"	April	C		
John Cullen	57	M		W	"	December	C		
Margaret A. Lease	82	F		W	"	May			
Thomas Bagby	50	M	B	S	"	December	Bricklayer	Old Age	
Howard	35	M	B	S	"	May		Cancer	2
Peter Hawkins	37	M	B	F	"	February		Pneumonia	60
Infant	1/17	M	B	S	"	March		Pulmonary	18
William Piggett	2	M	B	S	"	January		Unknown	4
Henry	80	M	B	S	"	March		Dropsy	60
								Old age	

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Martha Managan	25	F			Ireland	May	42	Consumption	
Rebecca Eagon	75	F	M	B	Virginia	April	Jaunders	8	
Infant	1	M	B	S	"	November	Scrofula	30	
James	2	M	B	S	"	February	W. Cough	4	
Mary Bowman	48	F			"	May	Exhaustion		
Elizabeth Peck	52	F			Ireland	April	Unknown	9	
Sally Wingo	78	F			Virginia	July	Exhaustion		
Robert Rector	32	M			"	September			
Anna Vines	68	F			"	November	Paralysis		
Elizabeth Miller	57	F			Germany	January	Paralysis		
Rebecca Hanson	47	F			Virginia	February	Unknown		
Rebecca Berry	72	F			"	March	Pulmonary		
Matilda Briggs	33	F			"	March	C		
William S. Stover	25	M							
Merrill Cushing	50	M							
Jacob Mohler	68	M							
George Wagoner	15	M							
Margaret Whitmore	25	F							
Mary E. Bryan	6/12	F	B	S					
Malinda	1	F	B	S					
Robert Wilson	1	M							
Emily	16	F	B	S					
William H. Ramsbottom	6	days	M						
Amanda Ramsbottom	2	F							
Philip Dull	83	M	B	S					
Alexander	3	M	B	S					
Margaret Armstrong	25	F	B	S					
Mary	60	F	B	S					
Dianna Lucas	15	F							
Archibald Wiseman	6/12	M							
James Lucas	1	M							
John C. Coleman	11/12	M							

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John Bean	30	M		Farmer	"	March	"	Inflam. lungs	30
Margaret A. Van Lear	42	F				April	"	Jaunders	44
Philip Wonderley	17	M				December	"	sore throat	16
Elizabeth Kraun	22	F				March	"	Liver complt	18
Frances O. Mills	1	F				May	"	W. Cough	20
John M. Estill	73	M				May	"	Pneumonia	10
John	1	M	B			May	"	W. Cough	15
Mary	1	F	B	S		May	"	W. Cough	19
Eliza A. Shifflet	2	F				May	"	Pneumonia	10
John K. Murry	6/12	M				March	"	unknown	5
Mary Sisler	18	F				March	"	C	
William Alvis	9/12	M				November	"	Fits	10
Infant	2 weeks	M				November	"	unknown	4
Pilson Michael	3	M				October	"	Group	5
Jacob Foley	7	M				December	"	Group	3
Jacob Daggy	54	M	B	S		February	"	Chills	20
Allen	1	M	B	S		August	"	W. Cough	30
Infant	5/12	M	B	S		August	"	W. Cough	20
Infant	1	F	B	S		February	"	unknown	15
Infant	9/12	F	B	S		February	"	unknown	18
Rebecca Brown	78	F		W		July	"	Dysentery	10
Sophia	20	F	B	S		July	"	Pulmonary	30
Samuel Livick	1	M				May	"	Dysentery	15
John Clayton	57	M				July	"	Paralysis	4
George B. Clayton	15	M				September	"	unknown	
Louisa Lange	11	F				September	"	B. Complt	
Angelina Lange	7	F				September	"	B. Complt	
Mary Lange	86	F		W		July	"	Old age	
Anna Lange	42	F		M		September	"	In childbed	
John	66	M	B	S		February	"	Unknown	
Archibald Kincaid	15	M				February	"	Flux	60
Sarah A. Wilson	5	F				April	"	Pneumonia	8
John C. Clemer	1	M				March	"	Scrofula	3
Charles E. Calvert	4	M				April	"	Sudden	